Sandwiches for Two

By Grace Margaret Gallaher.

"Umsteigen!" called the guard. The old lady, sole passenger in our railway carriage besides ourselves, gathered up her umbrella, satchel, lunchbasket, bird-cage and huge nosegay, and slowly, with an-eternity-is-before-us air, clambered out. We followed in a leap. No one else got out. The guard marched up and down calling the name of the city from which the train had started, the places it had passed through, those it would pass through, and the destination it had in mind. This he did not once, but many times. Then he rang a bell, a sort of dinner-gong affair, on the platform, in the waiting room and even in hidden corners behind the freight.

"All aboard!" he shouted. No one responded to his appeal.

"All aboard!" came again, this time in a tone of finality. Slowly, imposingly, the train started, with reluctant creaks and groans.

I gazed at the train creeping slowly down the track; at the station, peopled by ourselves and the station master; at the Noah's Ark village in the distance, whose one inhabitant appeared to be the old lady with the bundles; and laughed again.

"I'd like to try that village; it looks jolly quaint and behind the age," said Dick.

"You can't," said I sternly. Dick finds it about impossible to stick to any given line of march. "You and I are due today at a house party for a week's shooting in the mountains. Don't you forget that. Now, how'll we get something to eat?"

"Nothing here," said Dick after an investigation. "How much time have we?"

"Twenty-five minutes."

"You could buy an entire village in America, with a couple of outlying farms thrown in. I think we can compass two sandwiches and some apples here if we set about it valiantly and at once."

Dick, whose English is stronger—or at least less feeble—than mine, set off toward the village leaving me to wrestle with the potentate who ruled the ticket-office. The twenty-five minutes went. The train came. Dick did not appear. I was a harassed third with the guard and the engineer in the customary search-party after loitering or undecided passengers who were in danger of being left behind.

Suddenly, far in the distance, I beheld a man running, and as one who would fain win, too. I was about to point him out to the engineer, that the engine might take a nap while we waited, when, just as I fully recognized him as my feckless fellow-traveler, he turned a sharp corner almost in the opposite direction. What was he up to? A glance down the track showed me that it bent nearly back on itself. Evidently Dick was headed to board the train at some point nearer to him than the station. I boarded the train with a calm mind. Dick could be trusted to put anything through.

"Hi, stop! My friend's coming!" I said to the guard as the old fellow started to lock the door of my carriage; then, realizing that he could not understand English, I cried in loud and strenuous German, or, at least, such it was in intention: "Don't lock the door! Man coming soon!"

He fixed me with a codfish stare. I struggled with the handle, shouting commands in party-colored language—German, American and blue blazes. A gleam of almost human intelligence irradiated his countenance. "Mad, very mad," his expression said. He locked the door and passed on.

By this time we were going at a passionate rate—for Germany—enough to make it a keen jump, even for Dick. There he was at the cut, grinning and waving what appeared to be a paper flour sack. I leaned well out to grab him. A leap and he was safe on the running-board outside the carriage door.

"Here, take this!" shoving the flour sack in through the open window. "It cost blood and treasure, all the German and patience I had stored up for life. Open the door, why don't you?"

"Can't, it's locked."

"Thunder! I'll have to take the window then."

The glass of the door went no lower than Dick's waist, and though he's a slim chap, the opening was a tight fit. I laid hold on his arms with a will, and he began a series of plunges calculated to force him through. There was a jangle of bells, a hiss of steam, and the train seemed to slow down. Dick filled all the window so I could not see out, but I heard a kind of roar and Dick was jerked back at least a foot.

"Great Scotland! Fred, the guard's got me 'round the legs! Pull for all's in you or he'll have me out."

Then I knew that for some reason unfathomable to simple American minds our guard was displeased that Dick should thus make entrance into the train and was manifesting his displeasure by active measures. I hauled for my life and the honor of my country. Dick was helpless as to his body, but amazingly active as to his arms and legs. The former thrashed the air like flails. 'Twas certainly "pull Dick, pull devil." If this tug o' war lasted much longer I feared the rope would be rent asunder. Already his face was changing from lobster red to royal purple, his eyes stared out of his head. The guard was big, but I was bigger. I gave one mighty heave and in lunged Dick, landing head first on the flour sack. I caught a glimpse of a furious red face haloed by a mane of bristling yellow hair. Then I closed my eyes and laughed till my already exhausted powers could do no more.

"What's the row?" Dick seemed less enfeebled than I.

The train had stopped, a crowd, partly passengers, partly peasants from the fields, blocked the window. The guard, in loud, violent tones, was relating his Homeric struggle with Dick. All gazed dumbly in on us, some in rage, some in astonishment. The guard raised his arm toward the town, said a name several times, and upon that two peasants pounded off in that direction like Percherons.

"They're crazy," said Dick, mopping his perspiring face and groping after his tie, which had disappeared in the region of his back. "Don't seem to notice them; it may excite 'em more. Have a sandwich?" and turning his back on the mob he dived into the flour sack. "Although I cannot altogether recommend these for esthetic reasons," producing two hunks of black bread, "yet, as nourishment, I feel sure you will find them grateful and comforting."

I took a sandwich and began to munch, the passengers meanwhile gazing in as at a peep show. The train had apparently altered its mind about making a trip that day and dozed by the roadside.

"Do you think the singular behavior of what is advertised as our express is in any way connected with us?" Dick inquired through a wall of sandwiches; then to the guard: "We appreciate your courtesy in stopping the train that we might lunch in tranquillity, but, really, we dislike to detain you."

The guard grunted. I could understand Dick's German so perfectly that I am sure it couldn't have been at all the real thing. We had worked our way through the sandwiches, driven on by hunger, and were well into the fruit when a shout went up outside. The peasants were pounding back and with them came two mighty fellows, Germans, gold-laced, blue-uniformed.

"De cops!" cried Dick with glee. "Come to arrest the guard for assault with intent to kill, but I will not prosecute. I am a merciful man. I know the guard has a wife and ten infant children dependent upon him, not to speak of a bedridden grandmother. Moreover, my legal German is not, I fear, quite up to the required form."

Warily, as one drawing nigh the lair of a wild beast, the police approached the door, which was now unlocked. Then the larger and more ornately bedecked one said a single word, violently and with an equally violent gesture. Neither Dick nor I understood the word, but the gesture was such that the wayfaring man, though a fool, could not err therein. We climbed out, meekly. The captain made a jump at me and seized my wrists. A pair of heavy, old-fashioned handcuffs, such as might have ironed Andreas Hofer in '48, were clapped on them. The lesser official had served out a like pair to Dick.

Then all the passengers climbed into their coaches, the engineer craned out to see that all was well, the guard rang his gong diligently, and the train lumbered off, bearing all our luggage and Dick's hat.

"My dear sir," I began, in carefully constructed German, "what does this mean?"

The man merely jerked me forward. What on earth did the fellow think we were? I had it: Spies!

During that walk through a village like the German nonsense books of my nursery days all I had ever known of that language melted out of my brain like snow under the sun's rays. By the time we had reached a square, formidable structure, evidently the judge's office, I hadn't a sentence left in my head except those acquired from Ollendorf: "Has your aunt a blue umbrella?" "No, but she has a green parrot," and these seemed without consolation.

Dick, believing "never give up the ship," talked at a passionate rate in what Kipling would call "the vernacular gone very far wrong," a jargon calculated to insult grossly any German with a spark of feeling for the Vaterland.

As I had supposed, we entered the office and ranged ourselves in front of the judge, the image of Old Uncle Deepinbook, the hero of my favorite nursery tale, a frog-faced, moon-eyed old party. The police gave him a long and evidently damaging account of our crime; whatever it was, no questions were asked us, but our pockets were searched. Beyond money enough to convince them that our worldly state was not that of the usual anarchist, and two letters—one of Dick's and one of mine, received in London—nothing was found. The judge pointed to the names and addresses. I nodded; yes, they were ours.

"I do not speak your infernal language," came in a sudden shout from Dick. I grinned; that admission was worth an arrest. Ollendorf, Chapter IV, Page 10, upper left-hand line, flashed into my memory: "Is there no one here that German speaks?"

Hurrah! The judge spoke to the smaller policeman; he hurried out of court. Presently he returned bringing with him a rosy, fat little Lutheran pastor, who bobbed and smirked and gestured like a Nuremburg toy.

"What have we done?" "Why are we arrested?" It was one question from us both.

"Ya, I haf in England been," smiled the little pastor.

Despair! He, too, had been nourished on Ollendorf, an English grammar.

"What — crime — have — we—committed?" I labored in German.

"Alas, so young, so melancholy!" he sighed gustily.

"It will be melancholy for you if I ever lay hands on you, you grinning old duffer!" cried the exasperated Dick.

The moon-faced one, like the guard, seemed at times to possess almost human intelligence; he leaned over his desk and conversed impressively in German.

"Ya, yes," said the little pastor, "I English combrehend; forwards wid de conversation."

"Why are we arrested?" "What have we done?" We rang the changes steadily on this one theme.

Slowly light dawned. "You haf," pointing a chubby finger at Dick, "suicide committed."

Dick's face was a study.

"I deny it! I can prove an alibi."

"You haf yourse'f unter de train cast. Your frient dere he haf you rescued from a dreatful fate."

"I believe you," grinned Dick, glancing at me; "but you're mistaken, my dear sir. I was only getting on the train."

The little pastor translated. A roar of laughter met him from judge, police and spectators.

"Young gentlemans, no mans undless he is one big madmans unto a train gets so. You haf suicide committed, und to jail you go und your frient also."

"For how long?"

"A week, maybe a month, undtil your case he get himself tried."

"A week! And a hunting party of the best fellows in Germany waiting for us!

"Now, see here!" began Dick, while I cried fiercely, "It's the most ridiculous proceeding!" Then, seeing the bland, smiling face before us, we stopped in despair. Dick got his second wind first.

"My dear herr," in slow, patient tones, "I had no desire whatever to kill myself. I have always felt great disapproval of the practice of suicide; also I am an uncommonly happy person. I was late for my train. I tried to head it off—reach it, you understand—at the crossing. It was going at a terrible rate [this was thrown in to flatter local pride], but I was obliged to catch it. My friend here caught me and was about to help me in through the window when the guard pulled me from outside. Of course my friend meant no disrespect to the guard; he feared both of us might fall off the train if he ceased his efforts to get me in."

The pastor smiled as on the aimless babble of a child. "None but a madmans!" he repeated, sadly, firmly.

"Have you any plan, now?" asked Dick despairingly.

I shook my head. "If these handcuffs indicate the progress of prison reform in Germany, we shall be lodged in a medieval dungeon overrun with rats and fed once a day through a hole in the ceiling."

"Nonsense!" Dick was excusable for bad temper. "But we just must get to that hunting party tonight. Stir yourself if you've go any wit left."

I stirred myself. I repeated Dick's story, with notes and marginal comments. Again the rector smiled kindly.

"Und it was de exbress;" he put a little pitying scorn in his voice, to show that even his patience had limits. We glared at him, at the judge, at each other. A heavy silence fell on all. The judge turned to the policemen.

"No, no," murmured the rector; "only a madmans! De English dey are queer, bud not mad, not mad."

"English!" shouted Dick, stung with the splendor of a sudden thought; "we are Americans! Americans!

"Yes, Americans; and in America no one ever gets in a train by the door unless he's a slow old chap; we all get in after the train starts and by the window. Why, I've seen twenty fellows get in that way in one train." So we had, in the old days at Princeton when each graduate used to be pushed into the train over the shoulders of the rest of the class, come to see him off.

The pastor had not heeded. The word "Americans" was all-sufficient.

"I know. I haf not one seen yet already, but I haf a nephew dere, und I know. Dey are—dey are—" Language failed him; he waved his hands helplessly.

"Dey do, dey say, anydings, anywheres, Americans. Ho! Ho!"

Five minutes and we were free, hurrying for the next train. The little pastor puffed by our side, chuckling to himself. "Dos Americans, Ho! Ho!"

"Well, sir," said Dick, as we mounted into the train as sedately and impressively as into a royal chariot, "it's a great thing to be an American citizen; I've always known it, but now I appreciate it with every fiber of my being. Henceforth I shall travel always wrapped in the flag of my country."

FADS FOR WOMEN.

A pleasing occupation for the veranda these days is the decoration of bedroom towels. Soiling does not harm them as it might a finer piece of work accidentally left in the dust, and it is industry that calls for little skill.

Scalloping the hems in buttonhole stitch will add a daintiness to a plain towel, and the design can be easily marked by using the end of a spool of cotton and a pencil.

Monograms or a simple conventional figure may be embroidered above the hems if within the skill of the worker. The buttonholing alone, however, is very pretty.

Economical women with dainty tastes in need of a dressy long washable coat should take advantage of the bargains that are to be found now in boxes containing remnants or laces, embroideries, etc., and buy a plain coat, using these treasures for decoration.

A lace trimmed coat at $5 is not desirable, but one plainly tailored may be bought for $4.50, either white or natural and with bargain trimmings amounting to a dollar the garment will be sufficiently handsome to wear on any occasion.

Dainty little lounging robes are made of cross-bar muslin and dimity, with necks and front edges scalloped and buttonholed in white or a color, and the bottoms of the sleeves and often the edges of the girdles finished in the same way.

The center parting of the hair with the wide Recamier chignon and wide puffs at the sides comports well with the big millinery of the day. Women with small, delicate features find it especially becoming.

SCHOOL ESSAY ON COTTON.

An Augusta (Ga.) schoolgirl has written an essay on cotton which the Augusta Herald publishes and recommends. Her name is Eugenia Ellington. She says:

Cotton is mainly grown in the southern United States and in all states south of the thirty-sixth parallel north latitude. It is also grown in India, Egypt, China, Brazil, West Indies, Mexico and Asiatic Russian cultivation.

The land is prepared in winter, the time of beginning varying with the locality. After thorough plowing and all frost has gone the ground is bedded in rows from three to four feet wide, according to situation and quality of soil. The seed is sown along the center of these beds either in a straight furrow made with a small plow or opener in holes 12 to 18 inches apart. Sowing usually begins March 10 to April 15, and continues to May 15. The young shoots that appear in 10 to 15 days are weeded and thinned when they have attained a height of two to six inches, say when the third leaf appears.

Picking time usually begins in August and lasts until frost puts a stop to further growth.

Before the revolution cotton was only known as a garden plant. It was not extensively grown before the gin invention because it was cleaned by hand and the work was too slow to be profitable, but after the invention the cotton industry developed. In 1792 4000 bales were shipped from Georgia.

The flowers vary in color. The common colors in the United States are white or a light yellow with purple spots at the base, the whole flower turning the second day after opening.

The sea island cotton with its beautiful long and silky staple is one of the most valuable species. The fiber averages about one and three quarter inches in length. It is adapted to the finest thread and lace work. The Egyptian varieties are usually a little shorter in staple and tawny in color. These are often used for the natural color balbriggan underwear, hosiery, etc., where a smooth finish and a silky luster are desired.